NEW BOOKS.

John Greenleaf Whittier. seems that Mr. John Morley has at last decided to include American authors in the "English Men of Letters" series, published by the Macmillan Company. That, having come to this decision, he should begin with Whittier is not surprising, because Whittier and Longfellow are more read in England than is any other is the more distinctively American. Mr. Morley's choice of a biographer was fe-THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. He shows himself at once discriminating and appreciative in the sketch of Whittier's life and in the estimate of the place among begins with a luminous comparison of his subject with Longfellow. He points out that the latter "was the most widely travelled author of the Boston Circle, Whittier

the least so; Longfellow spoke a variety of languages, Whittier only his own; Longfellow had whatever the American college of his time could give him, Whittier had none of it; Longfellow had the habits of a man of the world, Whittier those of a re-Longfellow touched reform but lightly, Whittier was essentially imbued with it; Longfellow had children and grandchildren, while Whittier led a single life." It is, at the same time, recognized that in certain gifts, apart from poetic quality, they were alike, both being modest, serene, unselfish, brave, industrious and generous." Mr. Higginson directs attention to a

fact which should not be lost sight of by

those who would seize Whittier's point of view, the fact, namely, that "Whittier, like Garrison-who first appreciated his poems-was brought up apart from what Dr. Holmes loved to call the Brahmin class in America; those, namely, who are bred to cultivation by cultivated parents. Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell were essentially of this class." Mr. Higginson is far from assuming that Whittier's nonmembership of this class was a misfortune. On the contrary, he asserts that "not one of this eminent circle had the keys of common life so absolutely in his hands as Whittier." He adds that "had anything been wanting in this respect, his interest in politics would have filled the gap." Few persons know that Whittier, before he became deeply interested in the antislavery movement, was a practical politician of a shrewd and efficient kind, and that, in the year 1832, he was only prevented from accepting a nomination for Congress because he was below what he supposed to be the legal age. A letter quoted by Mr. Higginson shows not only that Whittier planned to secure a seat in the House of Representatives, but that his plan was based upon the method from which of late years we have striven to free ourselves, to wit, the appeal to mutual self-interest in securing posts of honor. Even after he became a strenuous advocate of the abolition of slavery he showed himself more practical than his friend Garrison, for, instead of favoring a dissolution of the Union, he upheld the policy successively adopted by the Free Soil party and the Republican party, the policy, namely, of attempting by Constitutional measures to circumscribe and weaken slavery, while meintaining the union of the States. It is also to be noted that, unlike Garrison and many Massachusetts abolitionists, he disapproved of John Brown's raid, described Brown as "sadly misguided," and declined to "lend any countenance to such attempts as that at Harper's Ferry." Characteristic, also, of the sober-mindedness ch Whittier brought to the consideration

of projected social reforms is his reference

to woman's suffrage. "I do not see," he

wrote, "that the exercise of the ballot by

woman will prove a remedy for the evils

of which she justly complains. It is her

right, as truly as mine, and when she asks

for it it is something less than manhood

to withhold it. But, unsupported by a

more practical education, higher aims and

a deeper sense of the responsibilities of

life and duty, it is not likely to prove a

blessing in her hands any more than in

In the chapter on "Whittier the Poet" no effort is made to disguise his defects of execution. It is admitted that "his poems, even to the latest, are apt to be too long, and to be laden with a superfluous moral. · · Whittier did not actually reach the point of ennui, but came very near it. As for his rhymes, though not so bad as those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, they were in his early years bad enough " Again: "He had little faith in his own ear, the resul being that, even if he made a happy stroke in the way of sound, he was apt to distrust it at the suggestion of some presale friend with a foot rule, who convinced him that he was taking a dangerous liberty." O . the other hand, it is cordially acknowledged that nature gave to him more directly than to Longfellow, Holmes or Lowell "the lyric gift-a naturalness of song and flow, increasing with years and reaching where none of the others attained." It was his devotion to the anti-slavery cause that gave his poetry sublimity. "He was the Tyrtæus, or leading bard of the greatest moral movement of the age; and he probably gained in all ways from the strong tonic of training in directness, simplicity, genuineness. It taught him to shorten his sword and to produce strong effects by common mears. It made him permanently highminded, also, and placed him, as he himself always said, above the perils and temptations of a merely literary career." Mr. Higginson holds that Whittier's antislavery poems had even more lyric fire and produced an immediate impression even greater than did Lowell's. At the same time, he concedes that they touched universal principles less broadly and are now, therefore, rarely quoted, while Lowell's 'Truth Forever on the Scaffold,

Mr. Higgir.son well says that Whittier is distinctively the American poet of familiar life; that, compared with him, Longfellow, Holmes and even Lowell seemed the poets of a class. Whittier alone is near the people.

"His whole position, indeed, was characteristic of American society, had he lived in | alert he went, rousing the sluggard woods." England he would aways have been, at his highest, in the position of some Corn Lew Rhymer, some Poet of the People; or, at best, in the otten degrading position of his favorite Burn himself, wher as, in | to live!" his own country, this external difference M. W. H. was practically forgotten.

The Wispole Street New Christians. The troubles related in "The New Christians," by Percy White (The Federal Book Company), were very painful. Eustace Fenner, author of "Spiritual Evolution" and leader of the New Christians of Wigpole street, was a spiritually minded man. still young, who felt need of the place that it. His need of money was singularly poignant when Cranley, the American adventurer, bribed him for £500 to testify themselves would not "keep the Kirk, favorably in the matter of certain Healing since he would not be there to see. A panic

When Fenner puffed the stones in Torch of Faith and Science, organ of the New Christians, he had no notion that the stones were a product of Whitechapel, manufactthat Mrs. Palgrave, widow of a clergy-American poet, and of the two Whittier man, had testified that one of them had ing. like wild fowl before a winter blast licitous: we know of no American better qualified for the task, on the score both of had tried the same stone and had appeared children with flying hair. The men were knowledge and of sympathy, than is Mr. among her friends without any gray spot thrusting into their coats, and many a one immediately afterward.

shameful manner, particularly Selby, who their naked heads, and buttoning as they said to Fenner at a dinner party speaking ran; jostling his Honor and each other American poets which belongs to the of the New Christian faith: "It is a creed in-author of 'T is Tent on the Beach." He | vented, demonstrated, taught and spread vented, demonstrated, taught and spread by a group of ignorant emotional women; its doctrines are a jumble of spiritualism, mesmerism, mysticism, metaphysics and 'clotted nonsense,' acceptable only to people of imperfect sanity endowed with an inelligence incapable of grasping the most elementary scientific facts."

It was not a nice way to talk to the leader dinner party. We were sorry for Fenner at that point, but he was a humbug of course, and the reader will be bound to approve of most of his humiliations. "Never let me see or hear of you again," wrote Mrs. Galbraith, the rich and handsome widow. who supported the Wigpole street movement, and whom he hoped to marry. She inclosed him a check for £100, and with that moderate and contemptuous solace the novelist passes him from our view.

The reader who wishes to be fortunate. who wishes to read something of such a quality that he will be moved to be thankful or it, will read "Danny," by Alfred Ollivant (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Mr. Ollivant wrote "Bob, Son of Battle," an unusual history that we all gratefully remember; and so the fact that "Danny" is a good story need not surprise us. Danny was a warrior dog no less than Bob. He slew honorably, and with a great love for the business, like the true knight that the author declares he was. It is wonderful what bloodthirstiness and what tenderness were mingled in him. Beautiful, considered either as knight or as terrier. We may read of him after the fair Lady had obtained from the stern Laird a reluctant permission to keep Danny.

"Daniel, Son of Ivor, Warden of the Marches"-this was our terrier, with his well-known proclivities and his pink tongue "had come to his full-blown beauty now; and he was beautiful as Absalom. Broad of chest, broad of brow, with coat of tarnished silver, he looked what he was, the warrior and lover in one." We have seen them. pampered and full of loveliness, run from a mouse, but this one had not been bereft of "Since Lancelot there had his nature. never been such a gallant with fair eyes and ways of chivalry; since Lancelot never such a battle-fighter. He lived indeed for battle, murder, and delight of kisses. To be loved by his lady and to find a worthy beman-these were the two passions of the knight in gray. And something of either passion entered into the other. He loved his lady fiercely; and the heathen hostfourmart, sweetmart, otter, and tod, and all the lesser outlaws of the wilderness-he cherished like a lover, and waged war upon them everlastingly. Yet while he smote the heathen, true knight that he was, he succored the distressed—the tame things of the farm, whose Warden he was, and his lady's one-legged partridge with whom he dealt honorably upon the lawn."

ural deeds, some were misinterpreted. Doubt was cast upon him, as it is cast upon all creatures that are guilty of their activities. We love his picture as it is variously presented to us. "Keen as a sword, wary as Ulysses, flery as Saladin, there was never such a Warden of the Marches to do stern justice on the outlaws of the wilderness. He could be patient as a cat and as still: he could be stealthy as a fox, shadowing his enemies; and when the stalking time was past and the time for the onset came the fury of the Lord gat hold of him. He smote upon like enemics like a tempest; he overwhelmed them like an avalanche of stars. The greater the odds, the greater the glory-that was the gray Knight's creed: there was nothing so great but, Knight-like, he attempted it; nothing so

small but he slew it out of courtesy." We know that Lancelot loved as well as fought. So, too, Danny. The Lady who had wheedled the Laird to let her keep Danny died, and Danny in the course of his sanguinary adventures met with another lady who resembled her. Thereupon Danny ceased from his killings and seemed himself like to die. Deborah Awe, talkative woman, faithful servant to the Laird. divined the little Knight's trouble. She looked down into the eyes of love of the ailing Danny as he lay upon her bosom. "God made him male," she said, "and there is but two things that sort puts out after. If a man has not been after some shed of blood, then has he been after some she woman. So God made them, and they canna help themselves; and there's no good talkin'

Danny had narrow escapes. He was like to have been drowned, and he was the anti-slavery agitation. This gave a like to have been shot. Being sore with love, he regarded with equanimity both those fates. In love or not, he was incapable of the fear of death. When he recovered he was the same recognizable true knight, the same old Danny. of heart as Galahad, Danny was still bloody as a ferret. . . Every dawn he went a-hunting as of old. . . Never a limping brock, never a marauding tod. nor any of the lesser outlaws of the wilderness, but knew him of old, the knightly Warden, and loved him for an honorable enemy." His two-legged companion, old Robin Crabbe, noted his recovery with joy and awe. "As the two entered upon Wrong Forever on the Throne," still lives the woods, fragrant and shimmering from both dew and stars, Robin dared hardly breathe. He walked stealthily, all eyes upon his ancient battle fellow. And Danny, the delight of life tiding back on him, marched in front as though to pipe music, his silver stern like a young knight's banneret amid the bracken. Busy, bloody, And when by a cleft rock the Warden flashed out of his path and slew a mole, Robin took of his cap and lifting his face to heaver cried: "He cares to kill; he cares again

Faithful 'Deborah Awe found it impos sible to keep the old Laird in bed when he had a cold. The Laird called her. She found him sitting up in his nightgown with a tippet about his throat. "What is it?" she screamed. "My boots," said the Laird. "Your boots is it?" said Deborah. "What for d'ye want your boots?" "For my feet," said the Laird. "Back into your bed this instant! Cover yourself!" cried Deborah. "Duds or no duds," said the money brings and believed that he deserved | Laird, "I go to Kirk"; and to church he went, because the people had rebelied, hearing he was ill, and had determined that they

Stones, blessed by St. Peter, which Cranley | followed upon the Laird's appearance at the end of the village street. There was sudden and general change of mind. Such hasty preparations for church-going were never seen before. "There rose up to the chill sky the noise of women who screamed ured within the year. Cranley himself and clutched their children as they flew; always maintained that the stones had a and in the street was the mutter, jostle genuine healing power, no matter where and shrill clamor of a stampeding crowd. they were manufactured, and it is certain | Deliberate, fell as fate, the Laird tramped on, and the people fled before him screamcured her sore throat, and that Mrs. Kin- As he drew near the Kirk, the people burst neston, a lady in ecciety who had been forth from their cottages-doddering old carried his neck-scarf in his mouth; the Certain rude heretics treated Fenner in a women were throwing their shawls about in their hurry to be in God's sanctuary

before that slow-marching old man. By the time the Laird had got into his pew and turned about to number his people there was only one missing, and that was Simon Ogg, the simpleton and poacher, who was not too simple to betray the true knight, Danny, into desperate straits. Danny had ever treated Simon handsomely, foe though he was. Danny's treatment of the Wigpole street New Christians at a of all was handsome. He was truly, as here declared, "Danny the Warrior, Knight of the Shield of Snow, Danny, Valiant Heart, Danny, Lover of the Faithful Eyes, Danny, the Bayard of the Northern Chiv-The author tells us that his history alry." is all imagined, save only the final incident in the story. It does not matter; we believe it just the same.

An Extinct Form of History.

Time was, and not so very long ago when history in the United States was a subject for popular entertainment and in the colleges was dealt with by brokendown ministers who were not up to teaching the classics or mathematics. It true that Prescott and Motley and Parkman wrote books that no college though of using and which people read only as literature. History is a solemn subject in our universities now and highly specialized. It is studied by more students probably than any other branch of knowledge that they teach and has become a nursery for monographs and dissertations on al manner of learned and uninteresting points. second only to sociology and civies. N body dreamed of that when Dr. John Lord began to lecture fifty or more years ago.

Those were the palmy days of the ly ceums and for forty years the Rev. John Lord, LL. D., wandered up and down the land delivering popular historical lectures before young ladies' seminaries and rural self-improvement societies, just as smoothvoiced lecturers now entertain similar audiences with explanations of magic lantern and cinematograph pictures of foreign lands. Dr. Lord lived to a ripe old age, eighty years and more; when he grew too old to lecture he published his ectures in book form and called them Beacon Lights of History.

There were a good many volumes of the Beacon Lights of History." They are now published in a complete set of fifteen volmes, a universal history of a sort, by James Clarke and company. Dr. Lord's lectures fill twelve volumes and part of the thireenth; the rest of that volume and the afteenth are filled with borrowed essays. ike Dr. F. H. Hedge's "Goethe" or articles written to order like Mr. Mayo W. Hazeline's "Herbert Spencer" and "Darwin, to bring the work up to date. The lectures will provide entertainment of a serious kind to persons who have not the energy to read real history. They may be recom-mended as containing no ideas at which even the most orthodox could be shocked. could not be found for a biography of Dr. Lord, who marks a curious phase in an American civilization that has passed by.

The Aesthetics of Music.

Two rather formidable books dealing with the philosophic enjoyment of music come upon us at once. Mr. Philip Goepp, who, we believe, has been in the habit of explaining to Philadelphians in their concert programmes what it is they are listening to and what they should feel and talk about, publishes a second series of "Symphonies and Their Meaning." Those explained at length in this volume are Mozart's E Flat Symphony, six symphonies by Recthoven, three by Brahms and a dozen or more by other well-known composers. It is an eminently respectable work that should delight those who like to take the full score with them to concerts.

Musical esthetics, on the other hand, nspire or inspires Mr. David Gregory Mason in "From Grieg to Brahms" (The Outlook Company). He confesses to the influence of Dr. George Santayana and Prof. William James and Prof. Josiah Royce and Helmholtz and a lot of other persons, so that the reader will not be surprised to find him approaching music in a philosophic frame of mind. He preludes with an essay on "The Appreciation of Music," then discourses of Grieg, Dvorak, Saint-Saëns, César Franck, Tschalkowski and Brahms and concludes with another little essay on "The Meaning of Music. People who wish to know why they are listening to music and what they shall say after they have heard it will be deighted with Mr. Mason's book. It bears the stamp of the Boston and Cambridge approval of music.

A Stirring Tale of Diamond Hunting.

Nothing is more striking in the mass of comances of adventure, historical and imaginary, now crushing us down for our sins, than the poverty of invention of the authors in comparison with what real life offers. The stories of exploration and of invention, unadorned, are far more exciting. Witness the tale of "The Diamond Mines of South Africa" told by Gardner F. Williams, M. A., general manager of the De Beers mines (Macmillans). Mr. Williams is in a position to know what he is talking about; he is a professional man with no ime to lose on rhetorical ornament and tells his story in clear-cut, direct language that carries the reader along. His is a modern fairy tale of untold treasures, a theme that has proved fascinating from the

days of Danae and Midas and Sindbad. There is enough ground for the theory that South Africa is the land of Ophir, especially since the investigation of the Zimbabye ruins, to warrant the author's preliminary excursion into antiquity. The nteresting account of precious stones. above all of famous diamonds, the story or early discovery and settlement in South Africa and the description of the native tribes are essential to the matter in hand. There are pictures, by the way, of all the great diamonds, of the size they are now after being cut. Then Mr. Williams starts in with the exciting story of the diamond discoveries in 1867 and of the subsequent development of the fields at Kimberley, The rush to the diamond mines was full of incidents as exciting as were those of the Californian or Australian gold days and Mr.

Continued on Eigh h Page.

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HARPER'S CHRISTMAS NEWS

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